

CHARLOTTE

and

OTHER POEMS,

by

M<sup>rs</sup> Farrelle.



*She Viewed the spot where hapless Werter Slept  
With wild affright, then turn'd her eyes and wept.*

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CHARLOTTE,

O R, A

S E Q U E L

T O T H E

SORROWS OF WERTER:

A

STRUGGLE BETWEEN RELIGION AND LOVE,

In an EPISTLE from ABELARD to ELOISA:

A

VISION, or EVENING WALK;

A N D

O T H E R P O E M S.

By Mrs. Farrell.

*Daughter of Admiral Fielding*

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M.DCC.XCII.

## A. R. O.

2 E 9 U E L

2. OR ROWS OF LETTERS:

△

STRIKES BETWEEN RELIGION AND LOVE.

14-00000-1 (Rev. 1-1-60)

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DEDICATION  
iv  

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T O

*The Right Hon. Lady Charlotte Finch,*

ST. JAMES'S PALACE.

MADAM,

HOWEVER I may be justly diffident in offering the following small productions of fancy to public notice ; yet when I consider the patronage your Ladyship so highly honours them with, I feel a



degree of vanity, which could alone arise from so flattering a sanction;—as your Ladyship's taste, and judgment are too well established, not to have a most powerful effect, in softening the eye of criticism, and rescuing these trifles from oblivion—On that sanction rest all my hopes!

There is that dignity in true virtue, which rises superior to all praise;—and had I powers to do justice to your Ladyship's exalted character, or express the grateful sentiments which ever animate my breast; yet I am convinced your Ladyship's ear is too delicate to receive what is due to the genuine goodness of your heart,—that heart!—so susceptible of every finer feeling of sympathy, and benignity of soul! which led your Ladyship to cast a cheering ray over the very gloomy path I so early trod in life:—

## D E D I C A T I O N.

v

but virtues like these!—can receive no additional lustre from my simple, but ardent effusions of gratitude!—Heaven has placed your Ladyship in that conspicuous station, where your abilities have borne an active part with your mental qualifications in forming the young and tender Royal minds—That you have succeeded in the important trust, and that your endeavours are crowned with success, a happy Nation can bear the test; when they now see Female virtues ripened into maturity under your Ladyship's nurturing hand;—and future ages may profit from such virtues, united with strength of understanding and cultivated genius:—But, that the attributes of a noble mind are still superior, will be proved, when your Ladyship is placed beyond all earthly praise;—how just your reward will then be, me, and my children can bear full testimony—And to have an

opportunity of thus publicly expressing my gratitude,  
is considered as the highest gratification by her, who  
has the honour to subscribe herself,

MADAM,

Your Ladyship's

Much obliged,

And most obedient

Humble servant,

*Sarah Farrell.*



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## NOTE.

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THE following little Poem, ( which is intended as a sequel to the *Sorrows of Werter* ) is supposed to represent the scene early in the spring ; as the fatal act of suicide by *Werter* is said to have been committed at Christmas.

The author confesses, among the many irregularities it abounds with, that she has in some instances deviated from original connection ; especially, as to the burial place of *Werter*, which, instead of being between two lime-trees at the end of the church-yard, she has caused to be in a cross-road ; according to the English custom in cases of premeditated self-murder.



## CHARLOTTE, &c.

---

W H E N doubtful Albert saw lost Werter laid  
Low in that grave, his guilty flame had made,  
Indiff'rence cool succeeds to fond desires,  
Friendship grows cold—and love itself expires.  
\* Day after day, he leaves his wretched wife,  
And lonesome nights make up her wearied life :

B

Reflection deeply wounds her feeling soul,  
 With pangs, which reason's voice can scarce controul.  
 When sleep, or broken slumbers close her eyes,  
 See bleeding Werter's mangled form arise ;  
 Each wound expressive of the love he bore,  
 Which gaping they confess, with reeking gore.  
 He pale, and ghastly beckons her away,  
 And points at new-made graves and guilty clay ;  
 With hollow sounds affails her frightened ear,  
 " Come, come, my love, thy place I will prepare,  
 " In death thou'rt mine,—the marriage knot untied,  
 " My lifeless arms shall then embrace my bride :  
 " No husband's dreadful voice shall then affright,  
 " For safe from all alarms is death's long night.  
 " Tho' small the space, yet Charlotte shall have part,  
 " No bed of state, needs the congenial heart ;  
 " Forbid in life, love's purest joys to prove,  
 " Death needs no rites—then quick, make haste my  
     love.



" There join'd in closest bonds by Werter's side,  
 " Not mould'ring time, shall e'er our earth divide:  
 " Each kindred spirit shall my Charlotte greet,  
 " With welcomes thrice, to this last sure retreat.  
 " My wand'ring spirit loiters near its goal,  
 " Still hanging o'er the idol of my soul;  
 " The morn's approach my ling'ring steps reproves,  
 " My spirit dwells too long on her it loves—  
 " Then come my love, the trackless path I'll mark,  
 " Ere the day dawns, or soars the rising lark."

From broken slumbers and distracted rest,  
 With care worn thoughts that agoniz'd her breast—  
 Charlotte half-frantic waked, and starting cried,  
 " Ill fated Werter !—'twas for me you died !"  
 Then springing from the restless couch she fled,  
 Wild as the winds, and call'd on Werter dead.

No bridal gems adorn her beauteous hair,  
 That loofely flowing mark'd her wild defpair ;  
 A loofe attire fcarce wraps her trembling limbs,  
 Whilft with quick fteps along the mead fhe fkimms,—  
 From Albert's houfe—from her neglected bed  
 She flies to find where Werter's corfe is laid.  
 The cold damp chills of the approaching morn  
 Shiver'd her frame, no rays the fky adorn ;  
 No tuneful founds had yet fung in the day—  
 No carols echo'd from the trembling fpray—  
 No feather'd wing had cut the liquid air—  
 No note was heard—fave, one of fhri1l defpair—  
 'Twas not the fweetly plaintive philomel  
 Who nightly dirges out fome tender knell,  
 No—'twas a widow'd bird, in mournful ftrain,  
 Bewail'd her mate—flown to fome diftant plain.  
 The frantic wand'rer farts with fudden fright ;  
 No glow-worm here had lent a glimm'ring light :

The howling winds within their caves were pent,  
Nor gentle zephyrs one soft whisper sent.

She wildly cries, "what sympathetic sound?

"Is there on earth a second Charlotte found?—

"Oh! speak! and say what pangs disturb thy breast?"

Again she twitters from her lonely nest.

"Fit omen sure," (distracted Charlotte cried)

"Some kindred spirit 'tis my steps to guide:"

Led by the sound, she seiz'd the bird of grief,

Who all the night had mourn'd her absent chief;

"Tis thou shalt guide my trembling steps to find

"Where Werter lies—the fondest of his kind."

Plac'd on her breast the little mourner lay,

Alas! unable to direct her way—

Not knowing where to go, and led by fate,

Her feet unbidden stray'd beyond a gate

Where roads divide, and shew the trav'ler's way;

There new-turn'd earth proclaim'd where Werter lay.



Attend ye infidels—unthinking race!  
 Who bound your views within this narrow space,  
 Regardless of your great Creator's laws,  
 Dare to deny this world a first great cause;  
 Or else by arguments unjust, as vain,  
 Maintain the right you have to end your pain:  
 Unthinking man!—who wants religion's aid,  
 And dares destroy what God supremely made,  
 Bidding defiance to your Maker's will,  
 Like cowards, plunge your bark in greater ill;  
 Behold, example glares in Werter's grave,  
 • *No rest in sacred ground for passion's slave.*

To this unhallow'd spot, fate mark'd her way,  
 E'er redd'ning skies advanc'd the new-born day.  
 The fable curtain now was scarce with-drawn,  
 Or nights dark mantle dropt—proclaim'd the morn:  
 • The suns faint beams at dawning day disclose  
 The scene to Charlotte's eyes—sad scene of woes!

Her wand'ring steps with wild illusions led,  
 Now as by instinct stopp'd at Werter's bed.  
 Her grief enfeebled limbs had scarce sustain'd  
 Her rapid flight—but now—no strength remain'd—  
 “Werter!—thy life in vain, I tryed to save!”  
 She shriek'd—she fell—she sunk upon his grave.  
 The fall her half-lost senses soon restor'd—  
 Thus she in accents faint, her fate deplor'd—  
 “Ah! me!—what direful scene of death is here?  
 “What wakes my senses with cold chills of fear?  
 “A sudden damp has seiz'd each vital part,  
 “Quick throbs returning quiver at my heart.  
 “Ye pow'rs prophetic oh! inform my mind,  
 “What pangs unfelt are now for me design'd?  
 “Where am I led?—oh! my distracted brain!  
 “Fresh tumults now redoubles ev'ry pain:  
 “Each nerve's unstrung—my limbs refuse their aid,  
 “Oh raise me heav'n—ah, me!—where am I laid?”

Now thrice unhappy Charlotte strove to go,  
 And thrice she fell beneath her weight of woe.  
 Then leaning half-reclin'd—in wild affright,  
 A small inscription glar'd before her sight ;  
 The letters shone with half-reflected day,  
 And told 'twas Werter slept beneath that clay.  
 No monument was rais'd—no work of fame,  
 A small inscription only mark'd his name.  
 For glorious deeds, to mighty chiefs alone  
 Be rais'd the sculptured urn, or 'graven stone.  
 Not thus did Werter wish to mark his fall,  
 One tear from Charlotte's eyes, out-weigh'd them all.  
 No shining epitaph, or friend to tell  
 The worth of him who living lov'd too well :  
 His name alone—alas ! dear fatal name,  
 Those letters all the horrid truth proclaim—  
 Those letters—faintly seen at dawning light  
 Distract poor Charlotte's soul, and gall her sight.



A thousand Werters dazzle in her eyes,  
 A thousand Werters echo in her cries,  
 Her bursting bosom wilder tumults swell,  
 Again on Werter's grave, she shrieking fell.  
 Soft love no longer throbs within her veins,  
 No sense of grief—no passion now remains ;  
 Her beauteous limbs on the cold ground are laid,  
 No comfort near, no friend to give her aid :  
 Alas ! thou lovely mourner where's the shade ?  
 Where's the pale ghost you follow'd o'er the glade ?  
 Where are those kindred souls, thy soul to greet ?  
 Where, where shall Werter now his Charlotte meet ?  
 Where are those promis'd joys illusion sought ?  
 Which fancy built, with wild distraction fraught ;  
 Ah ! lovely victim, shall that life return  
 To consecrate the shrine of him you mourn ?  
 Yes ! yes ! your vitals shall their strength re-gain,  
 With grief more keen, renewing ev'ry pain.

The little bird who could no longer rest,  
 Now strove to leave the hapless mourner's breast;  
 (Ah ! envy'd place !—had Werter gain'd that prize,  
 He'd felt no wound but those from Charlotte's eyes)  
 He flutter'd to be free, and quit his place ;  
 Thou little senseless !—'twas the seat of grace.  
 Why struggle so to bring returning life,  
 And wake to sorrow Albert's wretched wife ?  
 Could not that bosom of so fair a hue,  
 Like virgin marble, streak'd with azure blue ?  
 Yet not like marble cold, but warm'd by love !  
 Could not that breast your restless state reprove ?  
 Yet surely thou wast sent by Werter's shade  
 With kindest sympathy to give her aid ;  
 Or in soft whispers to her soul convey,  
 That Werter slept beneath that sacred clay.

'Twas, when the new year sends her herald's forth,  
 And nature shrinks beneath the blighting north,

When lovely spring peeps from her snowy sheet,  
 And the white drop lies in her chaste retreat ;  
 When love and pleasure, valentine renews,  
 And each fond bird its little partner wooes,  
 Their nests prepare, another brood to rear,  
 To skim hereafter thro' the liquid air.  
 'Twas on a morn like this, the eastern sky,  
 Began to break, and take its purple dye ;  
 No red-breast, yet, had cull'd the choicest flow'rs  
 From Flora's bed, the fruit of genial show'rs,  
 To deck his grave, sent by the weeping muse,  
 To bloom around, and all their sweets diffuse.  
 Nor yet, had nature planted near his earth,  
 The fragrant violet—flow'r of modest birth ;  
 But seem'd with solemn sadness to bewail  
 For Werter lost—in every hill and dale.  
 The dripping icicle its moisture shed,  
 And with its tears bedew'd his clay-cold bed—



The parting snow unveil'd the verdant ground,  
 The streams that many a hoary frost had bound  
 Now melt, as if with grief, and murm'ring glide,  
 Where bending willows weep along the side.  
 Such was the scene—when beauteous Charlotte fell  
 By his dear side—who lov'd alas!—too well.

A clay-cold moisture bath'd those limbs so white,  
 And nature spoke her spirit on the flight :  
 The loosen'd sinews of her snowy arms  
 (Where lilies revel'd with unwonted charms)  
 Hung senseless down, while sunk within her head—  
 Fixt were her eyes—and all their radiance fled—  
 Eyes, wont the language of the soul to speak !  
 While blooming health sat mantling on the cheek :  
 A torpid languor stole thro' every part,  
 And the grim king had aim'd his fatal dart ;  
 Thus on the verge of death, her trembling soul  
 In beauty's bloom, had nearly reach'd the goal ;

But nature triumph'd in the doubtful strife,  
 And sense awaken'd, spoke returning life.  
 So some fair lily, when the rude winds blow,  
 Droops its pale head, and shrinks beneath the foe,  
 When northern blasts its purest sweets assail,  
 Her gentle stem bows down before the gale,  
 Unable to resist, the victim lies,  
 Falls to the ground, and all its sweetness dies;  
 Yet should a gentle zephyr raise this flow'r,  
 And genial rays return with healing pow'r;  
 Its drooping head revives—but short its life,  
 So sunk, and so reviv'd this wretched wife!  
 So flow returning sense now rais'd this fair,  
 To breathe her sorrows to th' unpitying air.  
 She view'd the spot where hapless Werter slept  
 With wild affright—then turn'd her eyes and wept.  
 She pierc'd the ambient air with groans and sighs,  
 And echo'd woes resounded to the skies.

"Ah wretched youth!—why wast thou doom'd  
(she said)

"With love like thine, to be by love betray'd?

"Yes, I confess, nor blush to have it known

"Thy heart was sure congenial to my own.

"But—rigid fate refus'd that heart to bless,

"And left no cheering hope to dawn success.

"By honor bound to Albert's love alone,

"My heart bow'd down at hymen's hallow'd throne.

"Tho' soft persuasion dwelt on Werter's tongue,

"Tho' with delight, on each fond word I hung,

"Yet Charlotte still was virtuous—still was just,

"Tho' Albert's bosom swell'd with keen distrust.

"'Twas pity only which poor Werter gain'd,

"That fatal pity which his love inflam'd ;

"While fell suspicion lurk'd in Albert's breast,

"Whose cool neglect, his Charlotte's heart oppress'd.

"Oh ! Albert !—Albert !—it was so ordain'd,

"I knew not love, when first my hand you gain'd !



" 'Twas duty—virtue—made me then your wife,  
 " The fatal source of our too wretched life !  
 " My plighted vows to you alone were giv'n  
 " And sacred kept—as witness for me heav'n !  
 " Why then should doubt distract your honest heart,  
 " Why think your wife would from her truth depart?  
 " Alas ! poor Werter !—why did'st thou believe ?  
 " That where I'd giv'n my hand, I dare deceive ?  
 " Parental right my sacred duty bound,  
 " Nor knew I what too soon I fatal found ;  
 " Reason's cool dictates now my mind persuade  
 " My heart was neuter—tho' my hand obey'd.  
 " I view'd thee, Werter, as of friends the chief,  
 " Nor knew I passion lurk'd a hidden thief.  
 " Why did'st thou still persist to urge thy right  
 " To sacred friendship?—why not fly my sight ?  
 " Thou then had'st liv'd the pride of each fine art ;  
 " Nor Charlotte known the griefs which rend her  
 heart.

" But still pursuing this too guilty flame,  
 " Lost to all sense of virtue—and of shame,  
 " You seiz'd the fatal ball—oh ! ill-star'd night !  
 " Why holds my sense—why see returning light ?  
 " My madd'ning brain will burst !—my head runs  
 round,  
 " I see the flash !—I hear the dreadful sound !  
 " Yes !—there he falls !—it pierc'd his faithful heart,  
 " Ah ! death stay—stop—nor strike the fatal dart.  
 " What bloody corse is that ?—keep off—(she cried)  
 " Oh Werter ! Werter !—'twas for me you died.  
 " What spectre's that ?—see—Albert's form appears !  
 " All is now well—be hush'd my silly fears,  
 " 'Tis all a dream !—he'll sooth my sleeping frights,  
 " Albert !—awake me from these horrid fights ?  
 " What, Werter !—still appearing in my view !  
 " Hide ! hide ! that bleeding breast ! nor still pursue,  
 " Leave me with Albert—he's my husband still !  
 " Why sounds thy voice with accents weak and  
 shrill ?

“ Still—call me hence?—See darkness round me  
spread !

“ Why quivers thus my heart—why beat with dread ?

“ What !—seize my hand !—thou cold—thou pallid  
shade !

“ Alas ! he drags me to yon darksome glade ;

“ Oh ! Albert ! Albert ! save your wife,” (she cried)

Then sunk at once on Werter’s grave—and DIED.

What, fallen ! fatal fair ! what press the earth !

Thou once had’st virtue, and exalted worth !

Thy ruby lips now bear a livid hue ;

Those eyes no more lov’d objects will pursue,

More sparkling than the gems of spangled night,

Twinkling thro’ silver clouds of heav’nly light—

Alas ! those eyes, whose soften’d influence shed,

Joys o’er the poor, and rais’d the drooping head ;

Now dark—unseen—no more their joys disclose—

No more thy cheek out-vies the budding rose ;



No more that bosom, whiter far than snow,  
 Shall heave with bursting sighs, for others woe :  
 Ah ! hapless Charlotte ! born to better fate,  
 (For sure thy virtues spoke thee good and great,)  
 Then had'st thou liv'd a pattern to each fair,  
 Then shone with lustre in thy gentle sphere :  
 The wife—the daughter—sister grac'd thy name,  
 And every tender tie increas'd thy fame.  
 Domestic love was thy peculiar art,  
 Each dear relation hung upon thy heart ;  
 A mother's last commands you well obey'd,  
 And filial care more than e'er daughter paid.  
 Ah ! wretched sire !—why rise at early dawn ?  
 Why brush with flying steed the dewy lawn ?  
 Ah ! hapless \* Sickbert ! why this road pursue ?  
 What fatal sight now opens to thy view ?

\* In the Sorrows of WERTER, the Father of CHARLOTTE has no name mentioned, but is called the Steward ; in this little Piece he is given the name of SICKBERT.

What pitying muse in fympathetic verse,  
 Can paint thy woes, or half thy pangs rehearse ;  
 When near thy favorite Werter passing by,  
 The usual tear you drop,—the bursting sigh ?  
 The glance of pity for your favor'd friend,  
 Darts tow'rds that spot, where all his sorrows end :  
 But, when a female figure strikes your sight,  
 And trembling from your horse you quick alight,  
 Say, can relation paint the piercing dart,  
 The fears, and doubts, which quiver at your heart ?  
 Still you proceed the awful path to tread ;  
 Still, horrors chill you with an inward dread.  
 Ah ! cold and languid grow your trembling feet,  
 Tho' nature urges on—they'd fain retreat.  
 What flow advances to the mould'ring heap !  
 I see the drops your time-worn temples steep :  
 Your silver locks I see distinctly rise,  
 Dim grows the sight, of your now-moisten'd eyes ;

An icy dew has bath'd your shiv'ring frame,  
 And cold, damp chills, your terrors more proclaim,—  
 Ah ! how you start ! light's orbits roll with fear,  
 With fault'ring steps your beating breast draws near :—  
 " What well-known robe is that, which wraps this fair ?  
 " Ah ! 'tis my Charlotte !—Gods !—an old man spare !"  
 Be dumb, my muse—thou can'st not speak his grief,  
 Silent he stands—no friend to give relief.—  
 Cold palsy seizes his enervate tongue,  
 No sense retain'd—and ev'ry joint unstrung.  
 I see his failing limbs—he cannot stand ;  
 Fain would he grasp her cold—but lily hand :  
 Not even death could change its wonted hue,  
 Too well the wretched fire its beauty knew.  
 Ah ! poor old man !—I see—I see thee fall !  
 And strive on thy lov'd Charlotte's name to call.  
 Your heart-strings sure will break, you cannot speak,  
 Now the big tears fall down your furrow'd cheek :



Ah ! happy drops !—your soul revives again,  
 Alas ! to feel more woes with keener pain.  
 No utterance yet allow'd—your eyes now trace  
 All the pale beauties of that well-known face.  
 The king of terrors had small pow'r to change  
 Where loves and graces did alternate range.  
 So some choice plant, all beauteous to the sight,  
 Which careful hands had rais'd with fond delight,  
 Is by a spoiler cropt, and with'ring lies,  
 Its beauties fading—and its sweetness dies :  
 When view'd by him who rear'd this matchless flow'r,  
 Whose hopes are blasted in one luckless hour,  
 No other sweets can please—no joys can yield  
 To his hurt mind, the flow'r-enamel'd field ;  
 He tries each art, its fragrance to revive,  
 Too sure its fate, it ne'er again shall live,  
 No more shall bloom beneath his nurturing hand,  
 Its languid stem obeys death's dread command.

So vainly hung the father o'er this fair,  
 This matchless object of his fondest care.  
 He prest her close to his paternal breast,  
 His looks unutterable woe exprest,  
 Her stiffen'd limbs seem'd to resist embrace ;  
 With his grey locks he wip'd her dewy face—  
 Those locks which stealing time had silver'd o'er,  
 Untouch'd by grief—or mark'd with care before,  
 Save, when he lost the partner of his life,  
 And back to heav'n resign'd his much-lov'd wife.  
 In vain he felt for motion in her breast,  
 For all was quiet—all was there at rest.  
 No hopes remain'd, too sure death's fatal dart,  
 Had pierc'd the softest—gentlest female heart ;  
 Whose feeble force could not withstand his pow'r,  
 But fell a victim in this luckless hour.  
 Ah ! luckless hour ! when wild illusion led  
 Her wild and frantic, from her husband's bed ;

Led by some dæmon fell, who haunts the night,  
 Her foul disturb'd with forms of hideous fight;  
 When in a bleeding ghost, she Werter view'd,  
 Whose mangled image still her thoughts pursu'd.  
 Ah ! mist Albert, had you still care's'd  
 Your once-lov'd Charlotte, nor with doubt oppress'd  
 Her gen'rous mind, distracted by neglect,  
 Phrenzy had not produc'd this dire effect :  
 No errors of the heart had caus'd this fight,  
 'Twas the keen horror of each lonely night :  
 She duty knew, in which she persever'd,  
 And still a husband's name had been rever'd.  
 Yet ev'ry breast must feel in Albert's cause,  
 That knows to reverence hymeneal laws ;  
 This sacred tie ! all passions should reprove,  
 And check the fallies of unlawful love.

Now by some rustic hands the fair's convey'd  
 To Albert's house—on Albert's couch is laid,



Amidst the cries of each surrounding friend,  
 Who all deplore the much-lov'd Charlotte's end.  
 See each domestic flock beside her hearse,  
 All, all unite her virtues to rehearse;  
 E'en fullen Albert can't refrain the tear,  
 While weeping virgins croud around her bier;  
 And deepest sadness fills the woe-caught face  
 Of all—who join in mournful solemn pace,  
 When Charlotte's corse is borne amidst the throng,  
 And echo joins the dirge, and funeral song.

Now laid in earth, each tender breast must mourn,  
 While tears incessant, wash her hallow'd urn:  
 The red-breast oft is seen at ev'ning hours,  
 Dressing her grave with never-fading flow'rs;  
 And philomel has near her built his nest,  
 And sings in mournful strains, her soul to rest.  
 Sweet plaintive warbler of the feather'd throng,  
 To you alone such tender strains belong:

Still hover round this spot, and guard her bed,  
Whilst robin's moss lies lightly o'er her head.  
No nightly owl from ivy nest shall scream,  
No goblins haunt this ever-verdant scene ;  
But pearly drops descend from weeping dews,  
And spring perpetual all her sweets diffuse.



Still hover round this spot and guard her bed,

Whilst Robin's mate lies lightly o'er her head.

No nightly owl from ivy nest shall scream,

No goshawk hunt the ever-verdant scene;

But pearly drops descend from weeping brows,

And spring perpetual all her sweets diffuse.





A  
RELIGION and LOVE  
S T R U G G L E

BETWEEN

RELIGION and LOVE.

ST R U G L E

BETWEEN

RELIGION AND LOVE

By

[ 30 ]

A STRUGGLE  
BETWEEN  
*RELIGION* and *LOVE*,  
In an Epistle  
FROM  
ABELARD *to* ELOISA.

---

**C**OULD tears express the feelings of the heart,  
Or half the anguish of my soul impart,  
Thy Abelard's would fall in drops so plain,  
That griefs unnumber'd would the paper stain;  
But such reliefs to lesser woes are giv'n,  
Mine in mute language, only sigh to heav'n.



Let those who range the world from fair, to fair,  
 With loud lament express a feign'd despair;  
 Caught by new charms, no more their loss they  
 mourn,  
 Sigh for new joys, nor sigh without return:  
 But on our loves, a purer flame did shine,  
 For Eloisa only could be mine;  
 Her virgin heart disdaining looser fires,  
 To Abelard confest her fond desires.  
 Dear charming hours!—that then with pleasure roll'd,  
 Oh! could I call them back!—once more behold  
 The beauties of thy all-bewitching face,  
 Where little loves disputed for their place!  
 Could I call back those soft, those melting hours,  
 When we at ev'ning fought the fragrant bow'rs,  
 Where purest love did every sense employ,  
 And hearts congenial felt each softer joy—  
 Soft zephyrs gently fan'd the gen'rous flame,  
 Each day return'd and found us still the same.

Delusive thought!—and were those hours once mine?  
 Will no revolving years our hands rejoin?  
 Does no resource remain?—no kind relief?  
 Nor all-destroying time, destroy our grief?  
 Ah! no—For shut within this cloister'd wall,  
 Thy Abelard on thee can only call;  
 Thy name still echo's thro' this dreary cell,  
 Whilst I to empty shades my passion tell.  
 Yes!—yes!—fond passion still my bosom warms;  
 Still faithful visions shew thy glowing charms!—  
 A hallow'd shrine supports my frantic head,  
 The sacred mansion of some fainted dead!  
 I stare!—I gaze!—upon the lifeless stone,  
 I wildly gaze—and call it still my own,  
 Grasp the cold tomb which tapers pale reflect,  
 But ah!—without relief—without effect;  
 No Eloisa hears—my thoughts pursue  
 Her fancied form, still present to my view.

Ah ! cruel pow'rs !—And is our love denied ?  
 Nor walls, nor distance can our hearts divide ?  
 No !—no !—to my fond soul new power is giv'n  
 To rest with thee—its only earthly heav'n.

When at devotion with cold saints I join,  
 Each fervent prayer—each thought—each wish—is  
     thine,  
 May heaven pardon !—for with truth I say,  
 For thee alone my suppliant mind can pray.—  
 When rev'rend father stamps my name, my form,  
 Still !—still !—your image does my bosom warm.  
 Scarce can I bear to take the false disguise,  
 When I call back the influence of your eyes ;  
 Dear fatal influence !—Must those eyes now shed,  
 Their beams among the tapers of the dead ?  
 And am I doom'd to cast the languid look  
 (While warm with love) on cold devotion's book ?



I will no more—the thought transports my soul,  
 I vainly wish to quit this hated goal,  
 To fly to your once kind, once happy arms—  
 Alas ! our fate—each wish—each hope disarms.  
 Vain wish ! to think such joys remain for me,  
 Or hope again that beauteous face to see !  
 We prostrate victims at the altar swore  
 To die to sin, and think of love no more.  
 Ah ! then—if thoughts too warm for this cold place,  
 And passion still prevail, instead of grace ;  
 Tho' by recording Angels mark'd in heav'n,  
 Yet sure when nature pleads 'twill be forgiv'n.  
 Yes, yes, my Eloise, thou shalt be mine,  
 Where joys seraphic shall the sense refine ;  
 Where sister saints shall Eloisa meet,  
 And to celestial realms with welcome greet :  
 Rais'd on the wings of love we'll quick ascend,  
 And hymn our joys where life shall never end ;

How are sweet his days—F

Where no tormenting fiend shall dare molest  
 Our mutual joys, or break our heavenly rest.  
 Ah ! had not fate, relentless and unkind,  
 Torn us afunder and our hands disjoin'd,  
 Then had we liv'd a pattern to each pair,  
 And thou the brightest of each virt'ous fair :  
 For thee—the soft—the tender wish had sprung,  
 While melting accents dwelt upon thy tongue ;  
 Breath'd soft complacence 'midst thy blooming  
     charms,  
 And love inspiring, bless'd my circling arms.—  
 Hence, ye fond visions ! which distract my brain,  
 Madden each sense, and fill my breast with pain—  
 My troubled soul no respite now can find,  
 All wild disorder agitates my mind ;  
 Each bursting passion rules—and fell despair—  
 Sighs choke the accents, that would rend the air.  
 In vain I try persuasion,—all is lost—  
 All hopes are shipwreck'd—and all views are crost ;

Immers'd within this solitary grate,  
 Religion courts me to attend my fate.  
 Thou wretch's last resource!—thou good man's  
     shield!  
 Come, heav'nly light!—and teach me how to yield!  
 Shed beams of grace divine upon my soul,  
 And passions agonizing rage controul!  
 Come—sweet religion!—raise my soul to heav'n,  
 And by repentance let me be forgiv'n!  
 Yes, I will strive to gain the promis'd joy,  
 And heav'n shall all my future days employ;  
 No warring passions reign, or vain desire,  
 To pray for thee!—shall all my soul inspire!  
 To sue for thy immortal part be mine,  
 Blest task! I'll ev'ry other care resign:—  
 When call'd to pray'rs, I'll joyfully attend,  
 And my first thought to heav'n, for you ascend.



To bear our fate is all that can remain,  
 For ah ! too sure !—we ne'er shall meet again—  
 Then, Eloisa, join my suppliant mind,  
 Our loves congenial and our souls resign'd !  
 What joy !—where such fond sympathy is giv'n,  
 For souls like ours—to soar at once to heav'n.—  
 'Tis all before us !—grace is in our reach ;  
 Oh ! may I act the part I fain would teach.  
 And may no vagrant wish recall my vow—  
 Fix'd on the cross—no other thought allow ;—  
 No fond idea to my sense impart—  
 But change for God, e'en Eloisa's heart !  
 'Twas heav'n's best gift !—'twas heav'n that made it  
     mine !  
 Since heav'n reclaims it, I that heart resign.—  
 Think not there lives an Abelard in me,  
 Think only on the joys prepar'd for thee :  
 Nor think me cold, when I such truths impart,  
 E'en while I write, you hold too fast my heart !

How soon my soul returns to thee again,  
And struggles to be free—alas! in vain.

Adieu!—my Eloise—lov'd wife adieu!  
Is there a name more fond—more kind—more true?  
E'en that, and more than that belongs to you!

Poets may write, and love-lorn lovers tell  
That Abelard had lov'd—but not how well:  
To speak his passion must defy their art,  
For none could paint the pangs that tear his heart.  
If on some future day, in tender verse,  
Some bard should our ill-fated love rehearse,  
Let him not say “thus Abelard had lov'd,”  
“Or such his passion Eloisa prov'd,”  
Descriptive art would fail—all words are tame,  
For language could not speak our mutual flame:  
But, let them 'grave upon the sacred stone,  
“Here rests those friends who lov'd—and those  
alone:”

When strangers visit Pareclites white wall,  
 The soft, the tender tear be then let fall ;  
 And virgins weeping still around our tomb,  
 Raise by their tears—a flow'r of constant bloom.





A  
VISION,

OR,

EVENING WALK.

V I S I O N

OR

EVENING WALK.

A

# V I S I O N,

OR,

## EVENING WALK.

---

**T**H E clouds were now with gold and purple  
bright,

And slowly sinking was the god of light ;

His beams "slope upwards" from the silent west,

And nature's songsters all retire to rest :

The plowmen blest with health, and strength, return

To peaceful cots, where crackling embers burn ;

G



Where clust'ring babes their fire with rapture greet,  
 And housewives blithe, prepare the well earn'd meat.  
 The sturdy oak its branches had resign'd,  
 Which stood the boist'rous blast of many a wind;  
 And to his honest toil submits to yield,  
 Who with bound faggots quits the dark'ning field.  
 Now ev'ning's mantle had enrob'd the night,  
 And thousand stars adorn'd etherial light;  
 The shaded path shew'd nature was at rest,  
 When Cynthia rose in silver vestments drest;  
 Whose virgin light shone forth in purest beams,  
 Illum'd the grove, and trembled on the streams.  
 I gazing glow'd with more than mortal fire,  
 And soar'd beyond this world of frail desire:  
 My wand'ring feet to distant plains had stray'd,  
 Now thro' the brake I rush'd—now skim'd the glade;  
 The spangled thorn was wet with falling dews,  
 And zephyrs soft a thousand sweets diffuse.

The distant bleating lamb, and anxious dame,  
Maternal fondness ev'ry where proclaim.  
The warbling floaters on the liquid air,  
Retir'd in nests, protect their callow care ;  
All nature's gifts seem so profusely giv'n  
In rapt'rous gaze, I praise all bounteous heav'n.

Not more serene appear'd those golden days,  
When man's chief business was his Maker's praise :  
Or when in Paradise as Adam walk'd,  
With new-created Eve, and fondly talk'd ;  
He—Lord of all, the wond'rous work explain'd,  
While she within his breast sole empress reign'd.  
Not more serene appear'd those happy times  
Which poets praise, and sing in tuneful rhymes ;  
Than did the vast expanse of spreading night,  
Which to my soul convey'd supreme delight.  
An aged oak the monarch of the wood,  
Whose sturdy trunk had many a storm withstood ;

Round whose indulgent body intertwine  
 The climbing ivy—and the sweet woodbine  
 Invites to contemplation, and to rest,  
 And points out yonder bank with verdure drest:  
 'Tis nature's call!—such our first father's bed,  
 By you so shelter'd, I'll no danger dread.  
 A gentle slumber o'er my senses stole,  
 And nature's nurse becalm'd my raptur'd soul.  
 The scene which darken'd on my waking sight,  
 Now shone resplendent with celestial light.  
 Calmly I view'd the eastern clouds advance;  
 (Deep was the sleep—delightful was the trance)  
 When lo!—before me stood a heav'nly maid,  
 Whose vestments pure, her beauteous limbs array'd.  
 Not azure blue enwrapt her graceful form,  
 No various dyes her floating robe adorn,  
 Nor spreading mantle of the verdant fields,  
 Whose grateful green a pleasing colour yields:



Nor did she hold Minerva's shield or spear,  
 Nor hostile implements of dreaded war :  
 No buskins on her feet, no bow to tell,  
 That she with Dian in the woods did dwell :  
 Nor yet did Venus revel in her eye,  
 Or amorous glances for the apple vie ;  
 Yet hadst thou Paris such a form survey'd,  
 No Grecian dame had e'er such havock made ;  
 Or Helen's charms had caus'd the Trojan's griefs ;  
 Or ten years war destroy'd the bravest chiefs :  
 Not such the charms, which to my sleep-bound sight  
 Appear'd, and which I gaz'd on with delight ;  
 Meek innocence beam'd from her modest eye,  
 And spoke a virgin soul of purest dye.  
 Benign the aspect of this white-rob'd maid,  
 Gentle as lilies in the valley's shade ;  
 While gentler accents flowing from her tongue,  
 Breath'd softer gales than e'er from violets sprung.—

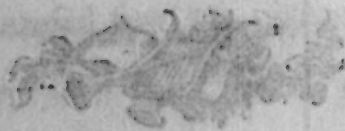
" Frail man (she cried) thou seek'st to know my name,  
 " Know 'tis CONTENT, and that from heav'n I came.  
 " The mighty lords of this great world deny  
 " E'en my existence, and my pow'r defy.  
 " In courts, and palaces forbid to dwell,  
 " When I descend, 'tis to the humble cell,  
 " There I those gifts diffuse, those sweets impart,  
 " Which raise the drooping head, and hopeless heart.  
 " My first existence to this world was giv'n,  
 " But spurn'd by mortal man—I fled to heav'n—  
 " Yet when I'm sought, I shield the virt'ous mind,  
 " And come—a willing friend to all mankind—  
 " I cheer the widow'd heart, soothe ev'ry care;  
 " Fell horror flies me, and grim-fac'd despair.—  
 " View then those gifts the gods on man bestow;  
 " And in your grateful soul let virtue glow:  
 " A genial warmth will then possess your breast,  
 " Health, and sweet sleep, will mark me for your  
     guest;

" Religion too, my sister, shall impart,  
 " Truth join'd with grace, to purify the heart :  
 " When thus enlighten'd, you'll the world resign,  
 " And taste those joys, which mortals call divine.  
 " Be thou my vot'ry, and the way I'll lead ;—  
 " Take thou this staff, 'twill give you all you need."  
 And here she paus'd—soft music fill'd the air,  
 Encircl'd light shone round the heav'nly fair ;  
 Her waving robe shone more divinely bright,  
 And quick she vanish'd from my wand'ring sight.  
 But ah !—things are not always what they seem,  
 I wak'd alas !—to find it but a dream—  
 Leaving this mossy couch—this hallow'd spot,  
 With pensive steps, I seek my humble Cot.





"Religion too, my sister, shall impart  
 "Thine joyful faith, to purify the heart;  
 "When thus enlighten'd, you'll the world resign  
 "And taste those joys, which mortals call divine.  
 "Be thou my victory, and the way I'll lead;  
 "Take thou this staff, I will give you all you need."  
 And here the parent—soft music fill'd the air—  
 Look'd light thine round the heavenly fair;  
 Her waving robes shone more divinely bright  
 And quick the vanish'd from my wand'ring sight  
 But ah!—things are not always what they seem;  
 I wak'd alas!—to find it but a dream—  
 Leaving this mossy couch—the hallow'd spot  
 With penive sleep I seek my humble cot



J U L I A,

A

B A L L A D.

H

JULIA

BALD.

H



J U L I A,

A

B A L L A D.

---

I.

JULIA of all the village fair,  
Was the peculiar grace ;  
Her flowing locks of auburn hair,  
Play'd round her dimpl'd face.

II.

The brightest eyes bespoke a soul,  
Where ev'ry virtue throve,  
Eyes !—that the fiercest rage controul,  
And tune the soul to love.

H 2

III.

Young Edward saw the matchless maid,  
And felt the purest flame ;  
For her he nightly trod the glade,  
And dwelt on Julia's name.

IV.

Each beachen tree her cypher bore,  
Carv'd by the am'rous youth ;  
And many a wreath of his she wore,  
Entwin'd with vows of truth.

V.

Full oft she heard his artless tale,  
And heav'd the tender sigh :  
When wand'ring o'er the flow'ry dale,  
The stream ran murm'ring by.

VI.

But hark!—the horrid din of war!

The trumpet calls to arms!

Edward is doom'd to leave the fair,

A prey to love's alarms.

VII.

The roses fade on Julia's cheek—

“And will my Edward go?”

He strives, alas! in vain to speak,

His heart was fill'd with woe.

VIII.

“One parting kiss” was all he said,

“From those dear lips one kiss—

“I swear I'll ever love my maid,

“My first—my only bliss!”



IX.

Convulsive sobs, and bursting sighs,  
 Now rend the virgin's heart;  
 "One chaste embrace no law denies—  
 "Yet, Edward!—must we part?"—

X.

His comrades bore him far away,  
 Quick'ning his tardy pace;  
 She wav'd her hand in wild dismay,  
 The tears stream'd down her face.

XI.

While still in sight her ardent eyes  
 The much-lov'd youth pursue—  
 "Must I no more—no more!"—(she cries)  
 "My faithful Edward view?"

XII.

Her damsel friends sat by her side,  
Yet Julia's tears ran o'er ;  
They join with her's the crystal tide,  
And all the youth deplore.

XIII.

All pale and wan, the maiden droops ;  
And lilies fill the place,  
Where roses once in blushing groups,  
Bloom'd in her lovely face.

XIV.

Alone, and pensive oft she stray'd,  
And to the silver queen,  
Renew'd the vows to Edward made,  
By all but her unseen.

XV.

"Soft planet!—witness of our loves,  
"Whose placid virgin eye,  
"Has nightly led us thro' the groves,  
"To Edward bear my sigh.

XVI.

"Oh guard him from the pointed spear,  
"Let not my Edward fall;—  
"To shield his person still be near,  
"Avert the flying ball!

XVII.

"Ye fanning zephyrs! soft—controul  
"The flame that warms the youth;  
"And let thy whispers to his soul,  
"Convey his Julia's truth.



XVIII.

But now the war began to rage,  
Full roll'd the battle's tide—  
Now did the hostile troops engage,  
And many a hero died.

XIX.

High swells the busy voice of Fame,  
The fatal news to tell ;  
And while the vict'ry all proclaim—  
EDWARD in battle fell.

XX.

Soon Julia heard the dismal tale,  
“Ye maidens all adieu !”  
Then dropt this lily of the vale—  
Her soul to EDWARD's flew.

1. 2. 3.

## XVIII

But now the war began to rage,  
Full roll'd the battle's tide—  
Now did the hostile troops engage,  
And many a hero died.

## XIX

High swell'd the bug voice of fame,  
The fatal news to tell;  
And while the vict'ry all proclaim'd,  
EDWARD'S name fell.

## XX

Soon fell the dismal tale,  
"Consider all adjacent!"  
Then drop'd this life of the vale—  
Her fall to EDWARD'S flew.

S O N N E T.



S O N I E T

12

87

# S O N N E T

TO

## H A R M O N Y.

---

SOFT harmony !—whose all-bewitching sound,  
Hangs on my soul, and tunes my cares to rest ;  
Still may my heart in unison be found,  
And strains of music lull my troubled breast.

Sweet sounds of concord vib'rate at my heart,  
Which calms affliction's throb, and rising sigh ;  
Stealing thro' wounded nature's vital part,  
Serene's my mind when melody is nigh.

Oh ! happy time !—to which my soul aspires,  
 When heav'nly strains seraphic voices raise ;  
 Winding thro' thrones of bliss in joyful choirs,  
 Where living sounds proclaim eternal praise :

Then may such accents lull my soul to rest,  
 And peace for ever harmonize my breast.





SCATTER'D

THOUGHTS.

SCATTERED

THOUGHTS

## SCATTER'D THOUGHTS,

*Written after a disturb'd and restless Night,*

*in a long and painful Illness.*

---

W HILE child of sorrow on my couch I lie,  
And court sweet sleep to seal my wakeful eye ;  
Still keenest anguish rankles at my heart,  
And pains unceasing pierce each vital part.  
I hear the joyless bird of omen sing,  
And at my casement flap his blacken'd wing ;  
While nightly spirits hover round my head,  
Haunting with horrid thoughts, my widow'd bed.

K



Oh ! come thou kindest nurse—come gentle sleep !  
 Seal with thy wings those eyes which wake to weep—  
 Distil thy poppies on my unclos'd lid,  
 And on my pillow thy mild opiates shed.  
 Thro' nights dark gloom I count the measur'd time,  
 \*And hear the knell of death incessant chime :  
 The spider spinning in some lonely notch,  
 Echoes the knell—and keeps th' ill-omen'd watch.—

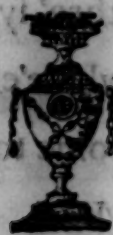
My pensive pillow views my early life,  
 When in youth's bloom I took the name of wife—  
 Scarce sixteen suns had dawn'd upon my years,  
 When I awoke to all a mother's cares :  
 While at my breast the tender blossom hung,  
 E're the soft accent loos'd the lisping tongue,  
 Griefs sharpest arrows pierc'd my gentle heart,  
 And wounded nature felt her venom'd dart—

\* Living near the CHURCH,

No love congenial to my own I found;  
 But joyless pass'd nights solitary round.

If lost in momentary sleep I lie,  
 What hideous forms appear to fancy's eye!  
 With phantoms of a woe-worn feverish brain—  
 I trembling start—and wake to keener pain;  
 The spectres of delusion still in view,  
 And the night-hag my waking sense pursue:  
 My shorten'd sighs quick breathe around my room,  
 Where horrid darkness sheds a total gloom;  
 Save, one pale taper of a glimm'ring light,  
 Which dimly twinkles thro' the shades of night;  
 Like a true friend, such silent sorrow shows,  
 And "waxeth pale"—thro' sympathy of woes.  
 Sweet sympathy!—in whate'er form you dwell,  
 Welcome—thrice welcome to my tear-wash'd cell!

E'en when I hear the nightly shrill owl scream,  
 Some friend I think is near—some hope unseen!  
 Hope!—did I say?—thou joyful blessed sound!  
 Where beams thy ray?—where art thou to be found?  
 Long have I sought thy visionary hand,  
 Lead me dear phantom! to that blissful land,  
 That haven of sure rest!—that promis'd shore!  
 Where peace shall dwell!—and I shall weep no more!  
 Then strike grim spectre!—strike this yielding heart,  
 Strike down my sorrows with thy welcome dart;  
 And when this "mortal coil" is laid in earth,  
 Then may my soul awake to heaven's new birth!  
 Then like a pilgrim—view life's rocky shore,  
 And rest, where *thorns* shall pierce my soul NO MORE.





A

H Y M N.



A  
**H Y M N**

**TO THE**

**BLESSED JESUS.**

---

**I.**

**T** H O U only light of truth and joy!  
Direct my path to heav'n;  
Let all thy works my mind employ,  
And be my sins forgiv'n.



II.

Shall I behold that glorious face,  
Enthron'd in bliss above ?

Shall I receive the gift of grace,  
And taste such heav'nly love ?

III.

Was it for me, corrupt, and vile,  
The meek-ey'd Lamb was slain ?  
Yes!—'twas for souls so full of guile,  
He groan'd with deadly pain.

IV.

That face was dol'rous pale and wan,  
Rent was his bleeding side ;  
" Father," (he cried) " thy will be done "—  
Then bow'd his head—and died.

V.

And shall a wretch like me complain,  
 And say my bones are sore,  
 And cry I can't endure my pain,  
 Whilst floods of tears run o'er?

VI.

Yes!—I will weep—and fast, and pray,  
 Run o'er with brine those eyes :  
 His sweats were blood—that doleful day  
 He fell the sacrifice.

VII.

Earth groan'd—was shook—the dead were sent  
 From out her pond'rous jaws ;  
 The temple quak'd : the vail was rent ;  
 Such were almighty laws.

VIII.

Hofannas loud in heav'n were fung—  
 Eternal peace proclaim'd ;  
 Peace—peace to all, thro' heav'n was rung,  
 From thrones where mercy reign'd.

IX.

So when my bitter draught is past,  
 ( Which teach me to endure ! )  
 I'll taste of peace, and blifs at last,  
 And rest with Chrift secure.

X.

Salvation's cup—oh ! let me share !—  
 Feed on the bread of life :  
 By thee fo taught, my pains I'll bear,  
 'Till ends the glor'ous strife.



XI.

Then thro' this vale of tears I'll fly,  
Thou lover of my soul !  
Safe guided by thy watchful eye,  
I'll reach the promis'd goal.

XII.

Let troubled waters round me heave,  
My bark shall rest secure :  
The deadly shafts which life shall reave,  
Thro' faith I will endure.

XIII.

The gloomy void shall not affright,  
When on the brink I stand ;  
But breaking beams of heav'nly light,  
Shall lead me to thy land.

XI.

Then this time of tears I'll dry,  
 Then lover of my soul I'll be,  
 Safe guided by my watchful eye,  
 I'll reach the promised goal.

XII.

Let troubled waters round me flow,  
 My bark shall still be true to you,  
 The steady bark which life shall save,  
 Tho' faith I will endure.

XIII.

The gloomy void shall not afflict,  
 When on the brink I stand of death,  
 But breaking beams of heavenly light,  
 Shall lead me to thy land.

FRAGMENT.

A

FRAGMENT.



F R A C M E N T

A

# FRAGMENT.

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I.

W H E N all was still, in the lone hour of night,  
Serina stole from off her wear'd bed ;  
Cold was her bosom to each fond delight ;  
Lost were her joys, and youth's gay visions fled.—

II.

Returning in their course, the seasons came ;  
The nipping winter with his chilling blast,  
And summer's heat still found her pains the same,  
Tho' Time revolv'd her sorrows were not past.—

III.

Full oft her sighs breath'd in the infant year,  
Yet hope came smiling with the genial spring;  
Then would the muse beguile the hours of care,  
And tune the plaintive numbers which she'd sing.

IV.

But now long anguish has unstrung her harp,  
No sounds of harmony attune her soul;  
Keen was the arrow, and its point was sharp,  
Which thro' her spirit bears such full controul.

*Sarah Farnall*



The Time revolves were not pass.— 10 JU 68



